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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[*translated by a young lady.*]

AT one of those schools of morality, where the English youth resort to study the duties of a man in general, and of a citizen in particular, to enlighten the understanding and elevate the soul, Nelson and Blandford were distinguished by a friendship which would have done honour to the most early ages. As it was founded upon a perfect harmony of sentiments and principles, time served only to strengthen it, and being enlightened more and more every day, it became every day more intimate. But this friendship was put to a test which it was very difficult to support.

When their studies were finished, each of them entered on that line of life, to which he was inclined by nature. Blandford, active, robust, and courageous, chose the profession of arms and the sea service. Voyages were his school. Hardened by fatigues, instructed by dangers, he arrived by degrees to the command of a vessel.

Nelson, endowed with a masculine eloquence, and an acute and sound judgment, was one of those deputies which compose the great senate of the nation; and in a short time appeared there in a conspicuous light.

Thus each of them served his country, happy in the good he could procure it. Whilst Blandford sustained the shock of war and the elements, Nelson resisted the tide of court favour and ambition. Exemplary for an heroic zeal, they might have been thought to rival each other in virtue and glory, or rather that the same spirit animated them both, at the two extremities of the globe.

"Be courageous," said Nelson, in one of his letters to Blandford, "shew your respect for friendship by serving your country. Live for the former, if it be possible, and die for the latter, if it be necessary; a death worthy of its tears is by far preferable to the longest life." "Be not intimidated," said Blandford, in a letter he wrote to Nelson, "defend the rights of the people and of liberty; a smile from one's country is more valuable than the favour of kings."

Blandford grew-rich by discharging his duty; he returned to London with the prizes he had taken in the Indian seas. But the most precious part of all his treasures, was a young Indian lady, of a beauty which would have extorted admiration in every climate. A Bramin, whom God had blest with this single daughter, in reward for his virtue, had consigned her to the care of the generous Englishman, with his dying breath.

Corally was not quit fifteen, her father was passionately fond of her, and made her the object of all his attentions. The town in which he dwelt, was taken and pillaged by the English. Solinzeb, the Bramin, appeared at the threshold of his house—"Stop," said he to the soldiers, who had pierced as far as his humble asylum, "stop, whoever you are! the God of nature, the benevolent deity is the object of both our prayers and worship; respect him in me who am his minister."

These words, the tone of his voice, his venerable appearance, all conspired to secure him respect; but the fatal arrow was on the wing, and the Bramin fell, mortally wounded, into the arms of his trembling daughter.

At that instant Blandford arrived. He endeavoured to check the fury of the soldiers. He cried out, he forced a passage, he saw the Bramin leaning on a young woman, who could scarcely support him without tottering, and bathed the old man with her tears. At the sight, nature, beauty, and love, exercised all their powers on Blandford's heart. He easily recognized in Solinzeb, the father of her who was embracing him with such poignant anguish. "Barbarians," said he to the soldiers, "begone! Is it weakness and innocence, old men and children, that you want to attack?—Venerable old man," said he to the Bramin, "live, live! and let me make some compensation for the outrage committed by these savages."

On saying thus, he took him in his arms, laid him on a sopha, examined the wound, and procured every assistance which art could furnish. Corally, an ocular witness of the piety, of the sensibility of the stranger, thought him some deity descended from heaven for the succour and comfort of her father.

Blandford, who never quitted Solinzeb, endeavoured to assuage the grief of his daughter, but she seemed to have some presentiment of her misfortune, and spent days and nights in tears.

The Bramin perceiving that his end was approaching; "I wish," said he to Blandford, "I could go and die on the banks of the Ganges, and purify myself in its waters!" "Father," said the young Englishman, "that would be a consolation easy to procure you, was your case desperate without it. But what necessity is there to increase the danger you are in by so painful a journey? The dis-

tance from hence to the Ganges is so great, and besides (I hope you will not be offended at my sincerity) it is the purity of the heart, which the God of nature requires; and if you have observed the law engraved in the bottom of our souls, if you have done to others all the good in your power, if you have avoided to hurt or to injure them, the God, who loves them, will love you too."

"You afford me great consolation." said the Bramin: "But how comes it, that you, who reduce the duty of mankind to unadulterated piety and purity of manners, could be at the head of those robbers, who ravage India, and bathe themselves in blood?"

"You have seen," said Blandford, "whether I authorize their ravages. Commerce brings us into India, and if men were honest, that mutual exchange of commodities would be just and pacific. The violence of your masters has put swords into our hands, and the transition from defence to attack is so sudden, so easy, that on the first success, the first trifling advantage, the oppressed becomes the oppressor. War is a violent state, which is not easily to be rendered agreeable; alas, when a man acts against his nature, how can you expect to find him just? Here it is my duty to protect the commerce of the English, and to support the honour and respect of my country. In discharging this duty, I spare as much as I can, the blood and tears which are shed in war; happy should I be, if the death of a good man, the death of Corally's father, was one of the crimes and misfortunes I could prevent the world from being guilty of!"—Thus spake the virtuous Blandford, after which he embraced the old man.

"Thou persuadest me," replied Solinzeb, "that virtue is the same every where. But thou dost not believe in the God Vistnou and his nine metamorphoses; how can a good man refuse his belief to these points?"—"Hear me, father," said the Englishman, "there are millions of men on earth, which have never heard the name of Vistnou, nor his actions, though the sun rises upon them every day, and they respire a pure air, and drink the salutary streams, and for whom the earth lavishes its fruits every season. Can you believe it? There are among these people, as well as among the children of Brahma, virtuous hearts and just men: equity and candour, rectitude, benevolence, and piety do really reside among them, and even among the bad. My good father, the dreams of the imagination, differ in proportion to the climates, but sentiment is the same all over the universe, and the light, of which it is the source, is diffused as far as that of the sun."

"This stranger both instructs, improves, and astonishes me," said Solinzeb to himself: "every thing that my heart, my reason, and the interior voice of nature bids me believe, he believes likewise; and that part of my religion which he renounces, is only what I can scarce help thinking absurd." "Do you think then," said he to Blandford, "that a good man can die in peace?" "Certainly—" "I think so too; and I wait for death as a refreshing slumber. But after I am gone, what will become of my child? I see nothing in my country but servitude and desolation. My daughter has no friend besides me, in the world, and in a few moments I shall be no more!" "Ah!" sighed the young Englishman, "if it be her misfortune to have death rob her of her father, honour me so far as to trust her to my care. I call heaven to witness, that her modesty, her innocence and liberty, shall be a deposite guarded by honour, and always inviolable." "And in what principles shall she be educated?" "In your's if you please; in my own if you consent to it; but always in modesty and honour, which constitute the glory of the sex every where."

"Young man," replied the Bramin, with a solemn and awful accent, "God has heard what thou hast said; and the old man whom thou art speaking to, may be with him, within an hour." "You have no need," said he, "to remind me of the sacredness of my promises. I am but a weak mortal; but nothing under heaven is more immutable than my honour." He pronounced these words with so much firmness, that the Bramin was much affected. "Come, Corally," said he to his daughter, "come and embrace thy dying parent, come and embrace thy new father; may he be thy guardian and protector when I am gone. There, my child," added he, "is the book of the law of thy ancestors, the *Veidam;* after thou hast studied it thoroughly, thou wilt suffer thyself to be instructed in the creed of this virtuous stranger, and thou wilt chuse that of the two religions, which shall appear to thee, most capable of making people good."

The Bramin expired the ensuing night. His daughter filled the air with her lamentations, and would not move from the livid and icy corpse, which she bathed with her tears. At last her grief exhausted her strength, and they took the advantage of her swoon to remove her from the gloomy scene.

Blandford, called by duty from Asia to Europe, carried his guard along with him; and though he was young, and deeply smitten with her charms, he had a reverential regard for her innocence. During their voyage, he employed himself in giving her some knowledge of English, in giving her some idea of European manners, and in disengaging her docile mind from the prejudices of her country.

On his landing, Nelson went to meet his friend on his return. Their meeting was attended with mutual joy. But, at first, the sight of Corally surprised Nelson, and made him uneasy. "What hast thou to do with that young girl?" said he to Blandford in an austere manner. "Is she a captive, a slave? hast thou robbed her parents of her? hast thou extorted a groan from nature?"

Blandford related to him what had happened; he gave him such a pathetic description of the innocence, the candour and the sensibility of the Indian, that it affected him greatly. "My design is," continued Blandford, "to have her taught our manners, under the eyes of my mother; I shall form her simple and docile heart; and if she can be happy with me, I will marry her.—I am perfectly satisfied to find my friend again."

(to be continued)

PITY.

AS blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of Spring—as the kindness of Summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of *pity* shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

LOST HONOR.

IS there no retrieve for honour lost? The gracious gods, more merciful to the sins of mortals, accept repentance; but the world, truly inexorable, is never reconciled! Is it not this cruelty and uncharitableness that brings so many unhappy wretches to destruction? Despairing of redemption, from one vile degree to another, they plunge themselves down the lowest ebb of infamy.

THE PROGRESS OF EXTRAVAGANCE,

Exemplified in the story of Isaac the Croyer.

EVERY body who has seen Amsterdam, must know that a very useful class of men, called the Croyers reside there. They generally trundle a wheel barrow before them, attend mercantile houses, carry letters, messages, burthens, and make out to procure a comfortable subsistence; and some of them something more.

There was one of these whose name was Isaac. He was called Isaac the Croyer. He seemed to be at the top of his business, and was computed to be a warm fellow, and was worth 10,000 guilders, nearly 1000l. sterling. As Isaac had acquired this property by industry and attention, so he laboured cheerfully to increase it by œconomy and frugality. Naturally parsimonious he and his wife seemed to have no other view than the increase of their guilders. They lived in a kind of a cellar kitchen, which, though sometimes damp, was always comfortable. An adjacent old clothes man furnished their wardrobe. Thus situated, as our Isaac was returning from his accustomed services, he stopped at a place called Rag Fair. Seeing a hat nearly new and likely to go off very cheap, he bid for it, and on paying five guilders, a very small sum considering its real value, the hat was Isaac's. Although he had never indulged himself in such extravagance before, his wife (notwithstanding the natural aversion of women to dress) liked the bargain well enough, as it was but for once. On the following day Isaac and his wife as usual went to church; the hat pleased mightily. Yet every thing did not suit, for Isaac wore a cap; it was therefore determined that by the next Sunday, he should buy a perriwig. He recollected the place of his late purchase, and that also for a rider, about fourteen guilders, supplied him with a good wig. Behold Isaac and his wife strutting forth the envy and admiration of all his profession. One of these acquaintances happened however to laugh at him for wearing a fine hat and peruke, with a short jacket without any cuffs or collar, a conference was held, and for a few guilders more, Isaac shone forth in a pretty decent half cast black coat and ruffles. All was still tolerable. Isaac laboured as usual; and their money, notwithstanding the late purchases, did not decrease.

Near Isaac's lowly habitation, was the residence of a barber; his lady kept the best company in town and entertained them very genteely; indeed she gave the ton to the whole street. Perceiving Isaac to mend in his Sunday appearance, she thought it her duty to bring Isaac's wife forward, as Isaac in time might be a customer. Ruminating upon this, when she was returning from carrying a new dressed wig home, she stopped to see the old woman; and just to chat a bit with her. The Croyer came home in the evening; my dear, says his wife, do not you find our kitchen grows very damp; bless me (says she coughing) it will certainly kill me, I shall die of a consumption. A constant repetition of the same thing, sometimes forces conviction. He determined to hire a small room in a garret, but he did not know what to do with his wheelbarrow. After some reflection and talk with his wife, he hired a small, decent little house. This required 3000 additional guilders a year, rent. To be sure the house must be painted; and no soul could endure it without being white washed; and as the cough and dampness continued, the barber's wife told the old woman nothing would cure it but a carpet; and she would come the next day and drink tea with her. This was a sore stroke: Isaac and his wife had never drank tea in style; and they hardly knew the use of the carpet. The bag of guilders was however broke in upon; and considering every thing, Isaac's wife was told at the tea table, that in the course of two or three years she might be pretty genteel, if she would but keep high company.

The barber's wife had some grand acquaintances, among others was Yffrow Vander Fliss, a very handsome lady, about as big as an hogshead: her friends however overlooked this. To the Yffrow, Isaac's wife was introduced. She lived in a high house, which served as a storehouse for Dutch cheese and herrings. Isaac's wife became quite polished; Isaac himself was introduced to Mynheer, who very civilly treated him with a bottle of his own brewing wine. On the Sunday following, Isaac, instead of regaling himself in his walk with a light, cheap beverage, was in a circle of Dutch wits. They talked about the fisheries, ridiculed the states, and abused the stadtholder. Isaac became a new man, he got the newspapers read to him, learnt to drink claret on Sunday, and talk politics. His wife one evening was taken very ill. After some little time, however, she got over her fit. Isaac tenderly inquiring after the reason of her illness, was very much enraged to find that in a select party, that afternoon, Mrs. Van Spachad declared that she could not stay where Isaac's wife was; he was Croyer, lived in a small house, and trundled a wheel barrow: when the Croyer heard this, he swore he would challenge her. His wife, however, would not suffer him to risk his life, and therefore very prudently exchanged the challenge in hiring a larger house, and burning the wheel barrow; the rent startled Isaac, it was three hundred guilders more than he had ever given. But this was laughed at by a large party of friends who came to spend the afternoon and evening at his house. Launched forth into the circle of splendour and gaiety, their company was universally courted, and their table generally honoured with friends and acquaintances. Isaac's wife had the finest carpets, the best furnished house, and the greatest quantity of plate of any person of her acquaintance. Dinners, suppers, tea parties, all contributed to her amusement, for Isaac, as it is the duty of all good husbands, denied her nothing. His friends too were very kind. They would often borrow 20 or 40, 100 or 200 guilders from him. If Isaac had not been a gentleman, and a man of honour, they declared they would not have condescended to make the loan.

This lasted three years. One morning Mynheer Vander Fliss sent in his account of wines, groceries, &c. Isaac was alarmed at the amount. The bag of guilders was resorted to, but that was insufficient. Three days after an officer of justice seized the property and the person of the Croyer. The sale of the former barely satisfied his creditors; the latter was liberated from prison. Isaac and his wife execrated their first step from their former situation. The wig and the hat were condemned to the flames. The charity of some well disposed burghers induced them to lend Isaac at 100 per cent. interest, a sufficient number of guilders to purchase a wheel-barrow that he might assume his former occupation. And it is a standing proverb to this day at Amsterdam, when a man or his wife forget their situation, and aspire beyond their circumstances, to say, "he's turning Isaac the Croyer." No man trusts him after this; and his character is blasted for ever.

From the (Wilmington Del.) Mirror.

SERMONS FOR DEMOCRATS,

BY TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

Esther VI.—11. "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor."

IN the instructive pages of sacred, or profane history, there exists not an example of the proud man so completely degraded, the domineering ambitious spirit vanquished, and the evils contrived for the total destruction of others falling with such encreased force on the head of the deviser as is given us in the history of the imperious Haman.

Surrounded with friends, abounding in wealth, happy in a numerous offspring that promised to perpetuate his honors, and carry down his name to the latest posterity, raised to the *second* seat in an empire whose sway extended over an hundred and twenty and seven provinces, caressed by a powerful monarch, whose will was law and his word fate; Haman stood on the exalted tower of grandeur, and the surrounding multitude astonished at his greatness, no doubt often lifted up their hands exclaiming with admiration "thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Yet behold! pause, and ponder on the sudden reverse of his fortune; in a moment when he least expected it, the change came—as the impetuous whirlwind rushes against the high towering oak, outroots it in an instant and strews its branches hither and thither; or as the earthquake, whose power we cannot describe, with one mighty convulsive shake tears asunder the solid earth which swallows in her capacious womb some proud city with its unsuspecting inhabitants in the midst of their noise and revelry; so unexpected, so unlooked for was the fall of this mighty, this envious, this wicked man.—Tho' thousands daily bent before him and flattered the proud mortal, as if he were a god, because Mordecai bent not, his heart swelled with revenge—because *even* Mordecai did not bow!—Mordecai one of the dispersed Jews, a stranger in a strange land, an alien among a people who despised his whole race, a man only permitted to sit in the king's gate, far removed from the walk of power or the dignity of *high office*, from the splendid table of royalty, and the costly banquet of the mighty princes. Mordecai whose acquaintance appears only to be with chamberlains and door keepers, *bowed not*, and the proud heart of the imperious Haman was torn with anguish, the prey of domineering, restless, contending and insatiable passions. Already has he obtained an edict for the destruction of him, and with him all the Jews! The day was appointed for the general carnage. A few more days stay thy wicked haste, O man full of pride, and this Mordecai who minds not thy greatness, who bends not at thy approach shall be hurried from the gate of the king's house; the dagger of the assassin will stab him to the heart, and thy soul shall be glutted with revenge!!—But no, he will not delay, the day of destruction is too tardy in its approach—he rears a gallows fifty cubits high, and so impatient is he to behold the completion of his hellish purpose even before the shades of night have departed, he is in the outward court of the king's house to request that an innocent man should be put to death—he is called into the royal presence, the question is put by his king: What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour? *Haman's heart beat high, he judged himself the person, but he hesitated not; his ambition was boundless, he had long ago fixed his eye on the* CHAIR OF STATE: he saw himself the *second*, he aspired to the *first*, he therefore replies, let the royal apparel be brought, which the king useth to wear, and the horse which the king rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head, and let these be delivered into the hands of one of the king's most noble pinces, that he may array the man and conduct him on horseback through the streets of the city and proclaim before him—thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor. Make haste, said the king, take the apparel and horse as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai who sits in the king's gate as thou hast said. Methinks I behold his lengthened countenance, his wonder-struck staring eye, his lip quivering and pale, his tottering step as he retires from the royal presence. I see one of his former flatterers pointing the finger as he withdraws and hear him exclaiming, how art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!! Now, now thy pride and haughtiness of heart is indeed brought low.

Having thus given a general view of my subject, let me for a few moments apply it to our own state and time. You my friends by a very striking dispensation of providence have been delivered from the power of kings whose will is law, and their word fate; ye are a free, an happy, an independent and a peaceable people, lovers of justice, approvers of mercy and praisers of humility; ye hold the sovereign power in your own hands and are ever ready to deck him with honor, dignity and public confidence, who proves himself worthy of your high approbation; and should any proud, aspiring Haman, ever dare to arrogate to himself a station contrary to your wish, an office in opposition to your will, though you may not command him to lead the horse of the man, whom ye may delight to honor, yet I trust you will always lay him aside as unworthy of your future confidence. Would men but for a moment consider, what a never-dying glory is obtained by that man whose steady patriotism through a well spent life has gained him the PEOPLE'S high approbation—I am convinced few, very few would swerve from the path of rectitude. Remember at the death of WASHINGTON a whole nation was in tears, in every city, in every town, in every village through the United States, my text was practically proclaimed "thus shall it be done to the man whom the people delight to honor. FRANLIN, GREENE, SAMUEL ADAMS and many others, our renowned statesmen and patriots of '76 have also received your public approbation, and GOD be praised, many yet remain; they are filling up their cup; for them ye are preparing a like eulogium; go on ye worthies in your noble exertions; your country still demands your talents and integrity. Never strive to *frustrate the intention of the people*, to them ye are responsible, to yourselves, and to your GOD; and when they see fit to raise any of you to any station, higher than that in which ye at present stand, let us all be ready to say nearly in the words of my text, thus shall it be done unto the man whom the PEOPLE delight to honor.

TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN one of the judges was sometime since passing sentence on a notorious house breaker, and said, "it is with pain I am now to pronounce upon you the awful sentence of the law"—he was interrupted by the prisoner, who said, with a polite *sang froid*, "I beg your Lordship would not mention it."

The taste of a voluptuous man is more delicate than his mind.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—V.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE marriage state has been so much descanted upon, so many plausible arguments advanced *pro* and *con;* that I resolved to investigate whether those who were married lived happily: for this purpose I determined, in the course of my excursions, to visit, and continue visiting for some time, a couple whose union Hymen had but lately sanctioned; and strictly observe whether reciprocal affection was the sphere in which they continually moved, and a desire to promote each other's happiness their constant attendant.

Accordingly, the day after the indissoluble knot was tied, I bent my steps towards the mansion, in which the "*happy*" couple had fixed their place of residence. When I arrived, all was bustle, and mirth—the servants vieing with each other to attract the attention of their new mistress—the parlours reiterating with the guests' loud and frequent peals of laughter; the husband and wife sitting at the head of the table, joined in their glee, and persuaded themselves that they had now attained the summit of felicity.

The next day, I paid them another visit, the guests had now departed, and they (the man and wife) spent the greater part of this day in forming a catalogue of fashionable articles to deck the house, and *gently* contending whose judgment was preferable to purchase them; the wife urged the superiority of her knowledge in household affairs, pleasing visitors; and, whilst at home, her mother always yielded to her skill in such matters: the poor man, astonished at the eloquence, or rather *loquacity* of his wife, thought it must be as she said, and conceiving no harm, conceded at that time to her importunities.

About one month after their marriage, as I entered the door, my ears were saluted with piteous complaints; advancing into the parlour, the man appeared almost frantic with grief, addressing his "*beloved*" consort thus; "Mrs. —— it is now some time since we have lived together, but I have not known one peaceful hour since; to grant your tenacious entreaties, I entrusted you with my purse, at that time my misery commenced: you have almost ruined me by your extravagancies, you procure such dainties as suit your luscious palate, and have the food dressed so exquisitely superfluous, that I am obliged often to dine and sup at an inn to preserve my health by temperance; the breakfast would be equally the same, if you rose early enough to have your will about that: and farther, you have insulted some of my best friends for not approving your whims; one in particular you wished out of the house, for removing the candle from you, not using it; to me who needed it. Now, I will forgive and endeavour to forget the past, if you will resign your authority into my hands, most capable of using it."

The wife, with a stern countenance, and furious brow, almost choaking with rage, so violent were her passions of anger and revenge,

"——— inde lupi ceu
Raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris
Exegit cœcos rabies, catulique relicti
Faucibus expectant siccis ———."

made the following haughty reply "Mr. ——, you know well enough, that it belongs to me to keep both the house and you in order, and you may rest assured that I will not give up one jot of my power; as for affronting your friends, I don't care a straw, no person shall be in my house who does not give me the preference." The man was just going to reply, but I could no longer endure the scene, so left the house.

However much the enmity of this couple was, whenever at home, yet when I followed them to the theatre, ball, or large assemblies, they seemed perfectly reconciled, and extolled each other to the skies. Many more instances of the same kind, might be produced, but they are unnecessary, this sufficiently exposes matrimony. Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

[*Proteus* would oblige his readers by giving a translation of any latin lines he may use. It is hoped that this note may be attended to by all the Editor's much esteemed literary correspondents.]

ALPHONSO, king of Arragon, says that to make a marriage happy, the husband should be deaf, and the wife blind—that he should not hear the reproaches of his wife, nor she see the errors of her husband.

Honor is a commertial virtue; it multiplies and reproduces itself, in proportion as it is practised.

Pliny says, that the face is the silent echo of our heart.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

The annexed Essay is a juvenile production, written some years since; if you think proper to publish it, you are at liberty so to do. J. S. W.

ON HOPE.

MAN when created by the Great Architect of the universe was happy; He was formed after the likeness and image of his Creator, having "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth," and the extensive capacities of his soul fitted him for enjoying the society of a just and pure GOD, through the unceasing ages of eternity. His hours were cheered by the social converse of a companion, bestowed by his bountiful Creator as a help meet for him. Together they wandered through the peaceful groves of Paradise, strangers to care—they knew not that man could weep. All around them was peace and harmony: The powerful lion, unconscious of superior strength, played with the innocent lamb in frolicksome gambols around their flower-strewed path. All within their bosoms was peace and contentment, and around them rich luxuriance and smiling plenty. Placed on the summit of human happiness his exalted station caught the scowling eye of the fiend of darkness—a plan was laid for his ruin—too deeply laid to fail of success, and man, by the machinations of Satan, forgot his GOD—disobeyed his commands, and daring the awful precepice, plunged into a gulph of sin, of misery and death.

The sentence pronounced upon the first of our race was entailed upon all who should succeed him until time shall be no more. Scarce is the infant born when this sentence bears heavily upon him;—the path he is doomed to tread is flinty and rugged, and

"Shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it!"

The pointed thorns of affliction pierce his way-worn feet, and his weary steps are marked with blood and tears. Filled to the brim is his cup of sorrows, and heavy is the burthen of complicated ills, with which, by disobedience, he has loaded himself; yet his merciful Sovereign has not left him without a staff to support his weary limbs, and assist him in leaping the many quagmires with which the course of his journey abounds. Though bereft of almost every comfort, still is HOPE left him:—

" Primeval hope, the Aonian muses say,
When man and nature mourn'd their first decay,
When ev'ry form of death, and ev'ry woe
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When murder bared his arm, and rampant war
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When peace and mercy, banish'd from the plain
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again,
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But HOPE the charmer, linger'd still behind."

When man is struggling with misfortune, HOPE encourages him to persevere, and fondly whispers there is happiness yet in store for him. Like the morning sun scattering the noisome vapour, dispels the dark mist which overshadows the pages of futurity, and gilds with dazling tints the scenes that are yet to come. As they approach, the lively and glowing colours with which they seemed to be tinged when at a distance, fly off and are seen no more; but HOPE still pleases him with new prospects more charming than before; and thus is he led on in pleasing anticipation of the future until he is, by the mandate of Heaven, numbered with the dead.

In the closing scene, the friend which accompanied him through life does not forsake him. When standing upon the brink of eternity, ready to take his flight for worlds unknown, HOPE points out to him the realms of immortal glory, and assures him, that ere long he will be an inhabitant of those peaceful regions, where his soul shall

"————— Flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. VII.

"*Diffugêre nives redeunt jam gramina campis.*"

THE time is now fast approaching, when all the charms of spring will burst into view. All the beauties of nature then are displayed in the most vivid colours. The sun then, not oppressive by his heat, warms and exhilarates the heart of man. This charming season is thus beautifully spoken of by the celebrated and unfortunate Mrs. ROBINSON:—

" Life's glowing season! odour breathing spring!
Deck'd in cerulean splendours:—vivid—warm,
Sheding soft lustre on the rosy hours,
And calling forth their beauties! Balmy spring!
To thee the vegetating world begins
To pay fresh homage. Every southern gale
Whispers thy coming;—every tepid show'r
Revivifies thy charms. The mountain breeze
Wafts the ethereal essence to the vale,
While the low vale returns its fragrant hoard
With tenfold sweetness. When the dawn unfolds
Its purple splendours 'mid the dappled clouds,
Thy influence cheers the soul. When noon uplifts
Its burning canopy, spreading the plain
Of heav'n's own radiance with one vast of light,
Thou smil'st triumphant! Ev'ry little flower
Seem's to exult in thee delicious spring,
Luxurant nurse of nature! By the stream,
Thy progeny are seen;
* * * * * *
————— Season of delight!—
Thou soul expanding power whose wonderous glow
Can bid all nature smile!————"
* * * * * *

It is now that the hypocondriac old bachelor, who has been laying almost torpid during the winter, ventures into the fresh air. It enlivens him, and for a time makes him like another creature, "eat up with spleen," and oppressed with perhaps some real, and many imaginary evils; he lives through the winter unhappy and discontented; but the "cheering influence of spring" banishes all his melancholy.

The streets are now crowded with youth and beauty who are enjoying the charms of the day, alike conducive to pleasure and health. Then I view the ladies passing the streets, I feel proud and happy in reflecting, that a greater number of beauties cannot be found in any city on the continent. I have travelled to the northward where the ladies are celebrated for their beauty, but in my opinion, (in general) they are not equal to those of Philadelphia. This, to those who are strangers here, may be thought a very unqualified assertion, but upon observation will, I believe, be found true. The approach of spring can be welcomed by none more than those who are oppressed by poverty. Winter is indeed to such, a season of horror if want of the necessaries of life, of cloathes, and even fuel can make it so.

————— Sore pierc'd by winter's winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty.————— *Thomson.*

To the ladies, I would especially recommend, in this coming season, early rising. As the weather now begins to grow warm and pleasant, this advice may easily be put in practice. It is universally acknowledged to be in the highest degree advantageous. View those who rise early and those who lye late; are they not in health and appearance very different? To those whose constitutions are naturally slender, indolence is highly pernicious. It is almost impossible for such to enjoy the blessings of health; but for which,

Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
Armstrong.

I shall conclude the present number with the following extract from *Horace, lib.* iv. *ode 7th*, as translated by *Dr. Johnson*:—

The snow dissolv'd no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold, are green;
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again;
The sprightly nymph and naked grace,
The mazy dance together trace;
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man;
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way
Spring yields to summer's sov'reign ray;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again;
Her losses soon the morn supplies.
But wretched man when once he lies,
Where *Priam* and his sons are laid
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows that Jove who counts our score
Will toss us in a morning more?

How strongly then does this uncertainty of life inculcate the necessity of making the best possible use of our time.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flow'r,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies. *Johnson.*

P.

ERRATUM.—*In No.* vi. *of the* Scribler, *in the second latin quotation, for*

" Viresque acquirit eundo vir."

read,—

Viresque acquirit eundo.—*Virg.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A JEW, supposing himself injured by a merchant, happened to meet him in a coffee-house; an altercation ensued, in which the enraged Levite challenged his opponent to meet him at a convenient place, and settle the affair in an *honorable* manner:—I shall not accept the challenge (said the merchant) I would not fight a duel with a Jew.—Then you are pretty secure (said a venerable old man, who sat reading the gazette) for I am certain you'll never be challenged by a CHRISTIAN.

LOVE.

By the celebrated Mrs. Manley.

COQUETRY may make the fair ridiculous, but love only can make her wretched: that infectious distemper of the heart poisons all the noble faculties, deludes the sense of glory, degenerates the taste of virtue, and by degrees lays the very remembrance of all things, but itself, into a lethargic slumber. Let the tender sex suppress the very suspicion of an inclination that may sway them to the liking of one more than another: if

they stay but till that suspicion be confirmed, they stay too long, it will be too late to retreat; neither can all its delights be in the least an equivalent for honour lost. The best that can be said of love, is, that it is a fading sweetness mixed with flourishing bitterness; a lasting misery, checquered with a few momentary pleasures. Love gives the thoughts eyes to see, to penetrate every where; and ears to the heart to listen with anxiety after all things, though never so minute. It is bred by permitting ourselves leave to desire, nursed by a lazy indulgence to delight; weaned (after strong endeavours and much uneasiness) by jealousy; killed by dissimulation, and burried (never more to rise) by ingratitude.

KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE IN SHAKSPEARE.

IT has ever been considered as one of the most distinguishing qualities of Shakspeare, that he appears acquainted with human nature to the bottom, and that his knowledge in this respect is so ready and so intimate, that it is always before him; and whatever mode his character may appear, he never forgets what nature requires under such situations. There is a striking instance of this in the beautiful play of "*Romeo* and *Juliet*:" *Romeo*, being enamoured of *Juliet* at the masquerade of the Capulets, is desirous of knowing who she is; he enquires and is answered by the nurse. *Juliet* makes the same enquiry for the same cause, but makes in a very different manner: *Romeo* had put the question at once. Let us see how *Juliet* enquires:

Juliet—Come hither nurse—Who is yon gentleman?

Nurse—The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Juliet—Who's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse—He, as I think, is young *Petruchio*.

Juliet—Who's he that follows here, and would not dance?

Nurse—His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*.

Here we see that she enquires the name of every stranger before that of the only one who at that moment, possessed her sole thoughts. How natural is this timid modesty, this girlish artifice?

This justly admired author may truly be said to hold a correct mirror up to human nature.

Philadelª, *March* 31, 1804.

CAPT. BAINBRIDGE'S LETTER *to the* PRESIDENT *of the* UNITED STATES.

SIR,

Misfortune necessitates me to make a communication the most distressing of my life, and it is with the deepest regret that I inform you of the loss of the United States frigate Philadelphia, under my command, by being wrecked on rocks four or five miles to the eastward of Tripoli. The circumstances relating to this unfortunate event are: At 9, A. M. being about five leagues to the eastward of Tripoli, saw a ship in shore of us standing before the wind to the westward; we immediately gave chace. She hoisted Tripolitan colours, and continued her course very near the shore; about 11 o'clock had approached the shore to seven fathoms water; commenced firing at her, which we continued by running before the wind till half past eleven; being then in seven fathoms water, and finding our fire ineffectual to prevent her getting into Tripoli, gave up the pursuit, and was bearing off when we ran on the rocks in 12 feet water forward, and 17 feet abaft; immediately lowered down a boat from the stern, sounded and found the greatest depth of water astern, laid all sails aback, and set a heavy press of sail canvass on the ship, blowing fresh, to back her off—cast three anchors away from the bows, started the water in the hold, hove over-board the guns, except some abaft to defend the ship against the gun-boats, which were firing on us; found all this ineffectual; then made the last resort of lightning her forward by cutting away the foremast, which carried the main-topgallant mast with it—but labour and enterprize where in vain! for our fate was direfully fixed. I am fully sensible of the loss that has occured to our country and the difficulty which it may further involve her in with this regency; and feel beyond description for the brave unfortunate officers and men under my command, who have done every thing in their power worthy of the character and stations they filled; and I trust, on investigation of my own conduct that it will appear to my government and country consistent with the station in which I had the honour of being placed.

Striking on the rocks was an accident not possible for me to guard against by any intimation of charts, as no such shoals were laid down in any on board, and every careful precaution by three leads kept heaving, was made use of in approaching the shore to effect the capture of a Tripolitan cruiser; and after the ship struck the rocks, all possible measures were taken to get her off, and the firm determination made not to give her up as long as possible hope remained, although annoyed by gunboats, which took their position in such a manner that we could not bring our guns to bear on them, not even after cutting away part of the stern to effect it.

When my officers and self had not a hope left of its being possible to get her off the rocks, and having withstood the fire of the gun-boats for four hours, and a reinforcement coming out from Tripoli, without the smallest chance of injuring them in resistance, to save the lives of brave men, left no alternative, but the distressing one of hauling our colours down, and submitting to the enemy, whom chance had befriended. In such dilemma, the flag of the United States was struck. However painful it will be to our fellow citizens to hear the news, they may be assured that we feel in a national loss equally with them. Zeal of serving our country, in doing our duty, has placed us in that situation which can better be conceived than described, and from which we rely on our country extricating us.

The gun-boats in attacking, fired principally at our masts. Had they directed the shot at the hull, no doubt but they would have killed many.

The ship was taken possession of a little after sunset, and in the course of the evening, myself and all the officers, with part of the crew, were brought on shore, and carried before the bashaw, who asked several questions. From his palace the officers were conducted to the house Mr. Cathcart lived in, where we lodged last night, and this day the *minister* has become the guarantee to the bashaw for us officers, and we have given him our parole of honor.

Enclosed you will receive a list of the officers, and a few of the people to attend them, who are quartered in the American consular house, and are to be provided for by such ways and means as I can best adopt, which will be on as economical a plan as possible. The remainder of the crew will be supported by the regency.

We have all lost every thing but what was on our backs, even part of that was taken off; the loss of the officers is considerable, as they were well provided in every necessary for a long station.

M Nisson, the Danish consul, has been extremely attentive, and kindly offers every service of assistance.

I trust, sir, you will readily conceive the anxiety of mind I must suffer. After the perusal of the enclosed certificates from the officers on my conduct, should you be pleased to express the opinion of government, you will much oblige me. W. BAINBRIDGE.

P. S. Notwithstanding our parole we are not permitted to leave the house or go on the top of it, and they have closed our view of the sea.

The above letter was accompanied by a certificate of the officers of the Philadelphia bearing testimony to the good conduct of captain Bainbridge; and a list of 43 officers, and 264 men in captivity.

MARRIED—On Tuesday evening 20th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Helfenstine, Mr. *Matthias Deebaug*, to Miss *Sarah Gebler*, daughter of Mr. Godfrey Gebler, all of this city.

—— On Sunday evening last (25th inst.) by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Edward Gaskill* to Miss *Sophia Champion*, both of this city.

—— Same evening by the Rev. Dr. Rogers Mr. *Charles P. Harrison*, late of Gt. Britain, to Miss *Eliza Porter*, of this city.

—— On Tuesday evening, 27th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Doct. *William S. Cummings* to Miss *C. Lacomb*, both of this city.

The Editor is requested to state, that the marriage of Mr. *Joseph Schrack* to Miss *Sarah Keller*, (published last Saturday) *was no marriage at all!*—Who the communicator of this *serious falsehood* is, the Editor cannot now tell; but should he be discovered, his name shall be given to the public without reserve.

DIED—On Friday 23d inst. Mrs. *Sarah Ann Proctor*, wife of Gen. Thomas Proctor, æt. 35.

—— On Monday 26th inst. Miss *Lucetta Pollock*, daughter of Mr. Oliver Pollock, in the 21st year of her age.

—— At Port de Paix on the 15th ult. Mr. *Charles L. Baker*, third son of John Baker, Esq. of this city.

To Correspondents.

If the Editor should judge from the many communications on the subject of *love*, recently sent him for publication, that

"Potent, soft passion of the human *breast*,"

has much to do with our young citizens; this is a very pleasing consideration, and promises to enrich the *Hymenial department* of his paper; but, after analizing their various pieces, he cannot find that they possess properties sufficiently precious to render them a valuable acquisition to the friends of the *Nine*.

The Scribler, No. 8, is received.

Juvenis Serenus,—too late for insertion this week.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

LAMENT,

For the Death of a Domestic Parrot.

WHILST busy mortals rack their brains,
'Bout distant prospects, future gains,
No cheering hope for me remains,
Each joy is fled;
Then list my melancholy strains,
Poor *Poll* is dead!

No longer with attentive care,
I'll dish thee out thy bill of fare,
Thy portion small I well could spare,
Of milk and bread;
But mark how frail all mortals are!
Poor *Poll* is dead!

In life how often 'tis the case,
That grief, of joy assumes the place;
When thou poor *Poll* the room did'st pace,
No fear or dread,
Could any in thy visage trace,
But now thou'rt dead!

One morning thou such noise did'st keep,
That wak'd *B. B.* out of his sleep;
He thought some spirit from the deep,
Had reach'd his bed;
Thou scratch'd, and up and down did'st leap,
But now thou'rt dead!

'Twas Sunday morn by break of day,
When sober folks begin to pray,
Thou wast devout in thine own way;
Thou pray'dst for bread:
Yet fate, relentless fate did lay
Thee with the dead.

Delightful was thy plumage green,
Prideful thy look, stately thy mien,
And when thou spake it was so plain,
One would been led
To think that human thou hadst been;
But now thou'rt dead!

From native wilds, O wherefore torn!
And over to *Columbia* borne!
In groves that western Isles adorn,
Thou mightst been fed;
Then would I ne'er had cause to mourn
Thee 'mong the dead.

B. B.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MORNING.

SEE the shades of night retiring,
Day's resplendent orb arising
From the eastern skies majestic,
Gilds with light the sparkling main;
O'er the rich and crimson heaven,
Late in awful gloom envelop'd,
Glowing with the blush of morning,
View the blue ætherial plains.
Now the clouds in light arrayed,
Ever glowing ever changing,
Float along the azure skies.
Mark yon mountain's misty summit,
Bright with all the tints of morning,
O'er the vale in grandeur tow'ring,
In the distant prospect rise.
See the glitt'ring dew-drop hanging
On unnumber'd fragrant flowers
Deck'd in nature's brightest colours,
Pleasing to the human sight.
Hark! what pleasing strains melod'ous,
Meet the ear of early trav'ler,—
Grateful strains—the strains of nature,
Fill the heart with sweet delight:
'Tis the voice of choristers,
Welcoming the beams of morning,
Thankful for the care of heaven,
Rising on the gentle breeze.
Soft o'er the enamell'd meadows,
Glitt'ring still with pearly dew-drops,
Loaded with delicious fragrance,
Kissing aromatic trees,
Glows the balmy gale of morning,
Health upon its pinions bearing,
Cheerfulness and joy inspiring,
Such as sluggards ne'er enjoy;
Swift thro' the delighted bosom,
Rolls a sudden tide of pleasure,
Pleasure which can never cloy —
Now his glowing course pursuing,
Sol illumes the humid valley,
Sees the sons of men rejoicing
In the splendors of his reign.
Beasts that haunt the gloomy forests,
From their rock-built dens issuing,—
Creatures too of milder nature,
Range the secret wood and plain.
Rising from refreshing slumbers,
Now the hardy sons of labor
Leave the humble couch, where nightly,
They indulge in sweet repose.—
Oh, how sweet the charms of nature,
When in morning's smiles array'd:
Earth and heaven—all creation
With celestial transport glow,

ADELIO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ÆNIGMA.

LOP four limbs from a thief, and two from an inn,
A liquid, and harsh sounding consonant: then
An aspirate placed 'fore one third of a man;
The first of the alphabet next take in hand;
With half a female's assent. If rightly chose,
The name of my charmer, you'll truly disclose.

A.

LOVE SONG,

ADAPTED TO MODERN TIMES.

BOAST not to me the charms, that grace
The finest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and features I despise;
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wise.

Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh, bring the deeds of thine estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasure in the stocks;
Oh, hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and scrip.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

LEAVE, sweet songstress of the night,
Leave a while thy vocal shade,
To yon window bend thy flight,
There resume thy serenade.

As my fair one musing lies,
(Musing, ah!—but not on me)
Should thy sudden song surprize,
Bid her Strephon blame, not thee.

Tell, how constant, how sincere,
Still he's to his lovely lass;
How his passion, his despair,
All expression doth surpass:

And, if yet in Sylvia's heart,
Aught of gentle pity dwell,
When I beck thee, to depart,
Haply, she may sigh—farewell!

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